

# The Rockland Gazette.

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charge. Obituary notices, however, will be charged at 5  
cents per line for all over six lines.  
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the proprietor.

## For the Rockland Gazette, TRUST NOT THE FUTURE.

O, trust not the future tho' smiling so sweet,  
Its beauties deceitfully shine.  
All its dreams fade and die at reality's feet,  
O, the present only is thine.  
In youth thy brilliant perfume-covered flowers,  
Long vistas of happiness shine  
But the storm-lashed crasher its hopes and its flowers,  
O, the present only is thine.  
Friends smile on thee sweet if success-fall thy ends,  
To heap gold to the goal of thy shrine.  
But adversity scatters both gold and its friends,  
O, the present only is thine.  
Ambition's proud dome with her banners spread wide,  
Tempt thee to her perilous shrine.  
O'er her dangerous steep thou'rt hurld in the tide,  
O, the present only is thine.  
That child of thy youth, how strong round thy heart,  
His young life in innocence twin;  
Death touches its cheek, one sigh, it departs,  
O, the present only is thine.  
Thy hymn may strew thy path with flowers,  
And love with his roses entwined.  
Death enters thy Eden—tears thy nymph from her  
O, the present only is thine.  
But there's one thou mayst trust wherever thou roam,  
From life's storm in safety recline;  
To thy hopes and thy dear ones, he'll soon take thee  
Where the present will ever be thine.  
MOUNTAIN RILL.

## THE ABSENT: THEIR TEMPTATIONS.

Who have recently heard of several cases of  
dissipation and death among young adventurers  
in California, says the Pennsylvania Enquirer.  
When they left home their habits were good,  
their hopes high, and their energies were active  
and vigorous. For a time, too, they struggled  
manfully and successfully, were prosperous,  
and promised in a few years to realize handsome  
fortunes. But they were away from home; no  
watchful mother's eye was upon them, no father  
was present to restrain or admonish them by  
his gentle counsels, and temptations of various  
kinds presented themselves. Nay, they rarely  
heard directly from the Atlantic States; the let-  
ters that came at first with due regularity by ev-  
ery mail, were omitted, or did not reach them;  
they fancied that they were neglected, if not  
forgotten, and they rushed wildly on in a car-  
reer of excitement and dissipation. Had their  
friends at home kept up a constant correspond-  
ence—had they reminded them only once a  
month, that they continued to be objects of in-  
terest, that intelligence was looked for by them  
constantly and anxiously, the memories and the  
associations of home would have exercised a  
salutary restraint—would have induced many  
hours of reflection—would have checked their  
progress of recklessness and inebriety—would,  
in all probability, have saved them from prema-  
ture death.

Some years since a young gentleman of this  
city, was sent by his father, in a confidential ca-  
pacity, on his first voyage to Canton. He had  
just burst into manhood, was full of life and en-  
terprise, entered eagerly upon the arena of the  
world, and took his departure in a cheerful and  
buoyant spirit. A few hours, however, before  
the vessel sailed, his father, who confided in  
and doted upon him, and for whom he entertain-  
ed the most profound respect and affection,  
called him aside, spoke to him kindly and feel-  
ingly, and placing a letter in his hands, begged  
him to read it attentively and ponder upon its  
truths calmly and thoughtfully; immediately be-  
fore his landing on the distant soil to which he  
was destined. He promised to do so, deposited  
the letter in a spot of the utmost security, and  
at the time designated he opened and perused it.  
It was long, kind, confidential and trusted.  
The father had himself been again and again to  
China, understood all the fascinations and tem-  
ptations that were presented to a stranger, had  
seen many a young man fall before them, and  
he was unwilling to subject his son to so  
fery an ordeal, without stating the facts to him  
vividly and graphically, and appealing to his  
reason, his conscience, and his good sense, to  
exercise to the utmost the virtues of temperance,  
self-denial and self-control. The effect upon the  
young man was of the most decided character.  
In the letter that he had so carefully  
cherished, he saw, as it were, the heart of his  
father, and he heard his voice echoing over  
thousands of miles of the trackless ocean. A  
tear, a manly tear, came to his eye before he  
had concluded, and he quietly but solemnly re-  
solved to abide by the counsel there given.

Only the next day, and before he had landed  
six hours in the new field of life, he was earnest-  
ly invited to participate in a scene of dissipa-  
tion, exactly such as his father had described—  
a scene, too, which dozens of others of the same  
age and similar circumstances, were about to  
enjoy. But he declined promptly, courteously,  
yet firmly and unequivocally. One or two of  
his companions laughed at his scruples, and en-  
deavored to persuade him that he was unreason-  
ably cautious. But to all such he had only one  
answer—his father's letter! It served as a  
monitor and a shield, and while it protected him

from the vices and the excesses which he soon  
discovered were destroying many others, it con-  
stituted a lesson of thoughtful kindness and  
generous confidence, that he remembered with  
gratitude for the rest of his days.

And yet, how often is this duty, this solemn  
duty of writing to the young, the ardent and  
impulsive, when away from home, either par-  
tially or wholly neglected—and how often are  
the consequences, as in the case above adverted  
to, of the most painful character! We have  
great faith in the power of a letter, when aptly  
written, judiciously toned, and generously in-  
tended! There is an indescribable magic in an  
epistle of this kind. We have known mothers  
to linger for hours over some hasty scrawl of a  
truant boy in a far land, while we have seen  
children grasp at something far more precious  
than gold—the tattered fragments of some finger  
worn letter, that was written years and  
years before, and that nevertheless embodied  
some priceless sentiment of love.

In this country, with so many movements in  
progress, with States so widely separated by  
distance, with parents dwelling by the borders  
of the Atlantic, and children struggling for  
fortune amid the golden sands of the Pacific, an  
occasional letter is absolutely indispensable.—  
Without something of the kind, home, kindred  
and their hallowed associations, will to a certain  
extent be forgotten, dangerous habits will be  
formed, and fearful consequences will be the re-  
sult. It often happens, too, that those who  
wander away in a moment of dissatisfaction,  
feel that they have done wrong, and yet are  
ashamed to confess it. They would rather  
starve than make the acknowledgement. Nay,  
many have perished under such circumstances.

To the sick, the suffering, the despondent, the un-  
fortunate—what could be more soothing, more  
encouraging than voices from home? A letter,  
a kind letter, may unseat the fountains of ten-  
derness that have long been frozen up, revive a  
thousand gentle reminiscences, change the heart,  
renew the nature, and thus reanimate and re-  
store. It is, moreover, so easy a thing to write.

A few minutes devoted to a work of duty and  
love of this character, and who may imagine  
the consequences? Alas! how many a heart  
has been wounded, how many a friendship  
has been broken, how many a solemn engage-  
ment has been frittered away by the errors; nay,  
the vices of indolence, indifference and neglect!

## THE ABDUCTION.

A TALE OF IRELAND IN 1794.

BY J. W. CROWE, LATE 83D REGIMENT.

My father was the senior Major of the —th,  
a regiment engaged in most of those sanguinary  
contests that took place during the conquest of  
Canada, and which finally won no small renown  
at the capture of Quebec. Some time after the  
evacuation of the country by the French, my  
honored parent having retired from the trade of  
war, became united in the bonds of wedlock to  
my mother—a young French lady of good fam-  
ily; after which, having purchased an estate in  
a remote part of the country, he repaired thither  
in the hope of enjoying a peaceful existence  
which his former profession had denied him.—  
This hope was, however, doomed for a time to  
be disappointed; for the first eight years of our  
forest life were passed in a state of almost in-  
cessant warfare with a tribe of Indians, whose  
most considerable village was in a somewhat  
unpleasant proximity to our home. Chance at  
length gave my mother, whose woman's nature  
revolted at these scenes of strife, an opportu-  
nity of rendering essential service, in fact, of  
saving the life of one of the most powerful  
chiefs of our antagonists. This happy circum-  
stance ended the enmity between us, and from  
that time forwards, our red neighbors became  
our friends as well as my instructors in all mar-  
tial and manly exercises.

Time passed on, and just as I had attained the  
age of eighteen, my father died; whilst I,  
by the advice of my mother's relations, was  
sent to Europe for the purpose of studying medi-  
cine. At the end of five years, I obtained my  
diploma; and as my mother had, during the  
interval of my absence, followed my father to  
the grave, I felt the ties which bound me to  
the New World were in a great measure broken.  
Hence I resolved to procure, if possible, a  
country practice in England or Ireland, for  
the purpose of enjoying that love of sport  
which my early education had so well qualified  
me to pursue. Such a residence I contrived to  
obtain at a village in the southwest of Ireland,  
about ten miles from the town of C—; and  
thither I proceeded in the beginning of August,  
1794, taking with me two horses which I had  
purchased on my way to Dublin, as well as cer-  
tain dogs of approved breeds, that I had made  
it my business to procure.

Before proceeding further, it may not be amiss  
to give the reader some description of an Irish  
village, of the better class, at the close of the  
last century.

The village itself consisted of two long strag-  
gling streets, intersecting each other in the  
form of a cross; whilst but a very few of the  
houses composing these streets were two-storied;  
by far the greater proportion being merely  
thatched cottages, or rather hovels, of the most  
squalid description. My house was very much  
the best in the place, it having been built by a  
landed proprietor of a large fortune, in the  
neighborhood, for the accommodation of my  
predecessor; and it was really comfortable  
enough, possessing an excellent stable and coach  
house, as well as some small attempt at a gar-

den. The prospect from the windows was the  
worst part of it; for immediately in front lay  
the line of hovels composing one side of the  
principal street, at the extremity of which my  
domicile was situated. About two hundred  
yards behind these cottages ran the river—a  
sluggish, sleepy kind of a stream, its watery  
nature apparently influenced by the human in-  
dolence around it. Some plethoric trout might  
possibly doze away existence in its miry bed;  
whilst along its banks, sedge with reed and hog-  
grass, I expected to find wild fowl in abundance.  
Beyond the river a genuine brown bog, teeming  
I was informed, with grouse, snipe and plover,  
stretched flatly away for miles, looking like  
some sombre-colored sea, suffering under an  
oppressive calum: not a tree, shrub, or rise was  
there, to break the toilsome monotony of its  
surface; however, on a clear day, a range of  
seemingly very distant hills looked blue upon  
its extreme horizon. Behind, the view was  
somewhat better; for, at the distance of two  
miles, up rose a magnificent range of moun-  
tains, their brown sides just turning purple with  
the heather bloom; and from their summits I  
was told that keen eyes could look far into the  
Atlantic. Between these mountains and the  
village were some miserable, half-cultivated  
fields, chiefly of potatoes and oats, struggling  
for existence against the overpowering  
force of weeds and stones that encumbered the  
soil.

But shortly after my arrival at this unprom-  
ising abode, I discovered that the practice to  
which I had succeeded, although pretty exten-  
sive, was by no means remunerative in proportion.  
In fact, I could not reckon on a single  
gentleman's family amongst the number of my  
patients. There were, however, two dispen-  
saries under my charge; one in the centre of  
the before-mentioned range of mountains, and  
the other about eight miles to the northward  
and westward, along the edge of the bog; but  
the season being a healthy one, I had, on the  
whole, but little to do, and was thrown much  
upon my own resources for amusement. One  
never-failing half-hour's occupation was a ma-  
tutinal gossip with old Tom Burke, the principal  
store-keeper in the village, a man whose hon-  
esty and kindness of heart rendered him uni-  
versally respected by the community. Old Tom  
was a species of living newspaper; he was the  
fountain from whence all our knowledge of what  
passed in the surrounding country was obtain-  
ed; though how he gained his information, was  
a problem no one could solve, yet certain it was  
that all that he vouches for generally proved  
correct.

At the time of which I write, the state of  
society in Ireland was lawless beyond concep-  
tion: highway robberies were almost of daily  
occurrence; duels, murders, and abductions,  
were but little thought of, unless the victim,  
from rank or some other cause, was one whose  
fate was likely to attract the attention of the  
authorities. Hence I was but little surprised,  
to hear one morning from old Burke, that the  
whole of the country round Kilkenny was up  
in arms, on account of the forcible abduction of  
a young girl, about to be married to a gentle-  
man of some consideration in the country, and  
herself an heiress of no inconsiderable fortune.  
The circumstances attending this case were  
peculiarly atrocious, the young lady having been  
torn from her home on the very evening before  
the day appointed for her wedding, whilst her  
father, and one of her brothers, had been se-  
verely wounded, in the vain endeavor to pre-  
serve her. The perpetrators of this outrage  
were unknown, all those concerned having been  
carefully disguised; and all yet ascertained was  
that the party, about twelve in number, had  
ridden hastily to the southward, bearing with  
them their captive as well as one of their own  
comrades, apparently so badly wounded as hard-  
ly to be capable of sitting upon his horse. The  
excitement caused by this event extended even  
to "our village;" and, to do it with infamant  
justice, I believe that there were but few among  
them who would not gladly have lent their aid  
towards the rescue of Miss Prideaux, and that  
without a thought of the material reward  
offered by her lover. During the ensuing week  
we heard that armed parties of men were scour-  
ing the country far away to the southward of  
us; but, as far as we were informed, their search  
had been entirely without success.

One evening, about six o'clock, I was aroused  
from a somewhat sleepy reverie, by the sound  
of voices in earnest consultation at the door of  
my abode, and thence slowly approaching the  
room in which I sat. Well knowing that the  
efforts of mine would enable me to become ac-  
quainted with the subject under consideration  
before the curiosity of my female domestic,  
Miss Bridget Malloy, was entirely satisfied,  
I sat patiently in my chair, until, after a few  
minutes of eager question and reluctant reply,  
Biddy, opening the door, and introducing mere-  
ly her head into the room, said, with a look of  
cunning impossibility to describe, "There's a boy  
that says your honor's wanted at Mat Tegan's  
farm, up in Car-rig-na-shen; so, as yer honor's  
been out all day, I made bold to say that ye  
can't move wid de goat on ye."

Car-rig-na-shen, a pass in the mountain so  
named, was at least nine miles from the village;  
and as heavy rain had been falling since four  
o'clock, I confess that for a second I half de-  
bated whether I should not take advantage of  
Biddy's ready lie in my service; however, an  
instant's reflection decided me, and frowning  
reprovingly upon my inventive domestic, I de-  
sired her to send the messenger into the room.  
He was a thickset young man, with his face

half covered by his coarse black hair, which,  
now streaming with wet, concealed it as with  
a mask; he had, moreover, a downcast, skulking  
manner, that did not prepossess me much in  
his favor.

"Well, my man," said I, "what do you want  
now?"  
"Misther Tegan sent me down to say that he  
would be glad to see yer honor, av ye could step  
up this night."

"It's a pretty long step to the Car-rig-na-shen,  
and surely Mr. Tegan would not send so far  
without a good cause. What's the matter?"  
"Divil a one of me knows, yer honor. I'm a  
poor boy an' it's not much they do be telling  
me any ways."

There was that in the fellow's manner which  
did not induce me to place much confidence in  
his honesty; however, being under no apprehen-  
sion of personal danger, for I well knew that  
my profession secured me from any chance of  
ill-treatment, I made up my mind to go.

"Did they say that I was wanted particularly  
to-night? Would not to-morrow morning do  
as well?"

"Misther Tegan said yer honor, av ye please,  
was to be sure and step up to night."

"Very well," answered I, "I will go."

And so I began somewhat reluctantly to pre-  
pare for my not very inviting expedition, and  
was soon upon my way. It was a cold, windy  
night; the rain, which had fallen heavily since  
the afternoon, had cleared off again, and the  
moon shining brightly, save when momentarily  
obscured by some driving cloud, rendered the  
beautiful mountain-range, on which I was now  
entering, almost as light as day. A slight mist  
curling round their summits, served to isolate  
each lofty peak yet further from the would-be  
low; whilst ever and anon, from the black dark-  
ness of some shadowy ravine, the sparkling of  
running water would attest the presence of  
a noisy rivulet, hastening to the Atlantic. Al-  
together, I had seldom beheld so striking a *coup  
d'oeil*.

About an hour and a half's riding brought me  
in sight of Tegan's habitation, which consisted  
of a small, lonely farm house, standing at the  
side of the road, surrounded by a wall enclosing  
a small steading and offices. Behind these there  
seemed to have been originally some attempt  
at cultivation; but either from the indolence of  
the people themselves, or the natural incapacity  
of the soil, it was evidently at present in-  
nocent of producing aught of usefulness to  
man. About twenty yards from the steading  
ran a braiding mountain stream, which, it  
struck me, required but a small amount of rain  
to convert into a torrent capable of washing the  
house and its inhabitants a mile or so down the  
road. From one of the windows two lights  
were shining in such a position that I instantly  
suspected they had been placed there as a sig-  
nal. This, joined to the knowledge that the  
locality was celebrated for the resort of smug-  
glers, caused me to conclude that the patient  
whom I had been called upon to see, had prob-  
ably been wounded in some affair with the gov-  
ernment people—a circumstance that would  
account for my having been sent for at night,  
rather than during the day. When I had ar-  
rived within a short distance of the house, a  
stout, powerful looking man came out to meet  
me, who, touching his hat, addressed me in  
much better language than one could have ex-  
pected from the inmate of such a place.

"I am sorry, sir, that you have had so long  
a ride; however, if you will give me your horse,  
I will see that he is well taken care of."  
"Thank you," replied I, "where is your stable?"  
"Step this way, sir, and I will show you."

Accordingly, having dismounted, I followed  
him across the yard to a low building, which,  
on entering, I found to be fitted up very decent-  
ly as a stable. Three of the stalls were occu-  
pied by, as far as I could judge, very much bet-  
ter horses than one could have expected to find  
in such a situation; and much to my satisfac-  
tion, a rough looking, shock-headed fellow, af-  
ter a few words in Irish had been addressed to  
him by my conductor, proceeded to take charge  
of my steed as if he knew very well what he  
was about. Having seen my four-footed com-  
panion made as comfortable as he could be away  
from his own home, I turned to my guide, and  
signifying my readiness to accompany him, we  
both left the stable.

On entering the house, I found myself in a  
passage with two door opening from it, one on  
either side; whilst at the end appeared another  
door, half open, leading into what I judged to  
be the kitchen, and from which proceeded a sa-  
vory steam of something not unpalatable, to-  
gether with the sound of voices. My compan-  
ion, opening the door on the right hand, ushered  
me into a small, decently-furnished sitting-  
room, tenanted at the time by but one individ-  
ual, who at last bore no outward symptom of  
requiring my assistance. He was a tall young  
man, possessing a frame almost giant-like in its  
muscular development; and as he rose, half  
sullenly from his chair at our entrance, he dis-  
played a countenance that struck me as being in  
its expression the most diabolical I had ever be-  
held. The face, far from plain, was even hand-  
some, and, being of a dark olive complexion, he  
had far more the appearance of an Italian than  
a native of these mountains. I turned almost  
involuntarily to take a look at my guide; he  
was apparently well advanced in years, with  
some dark skin as the young man; not quite so  
tall, but to the full as powerfully made. The  
expression was stern, yet wanting the character  
of active wickedness so frigidly visible on the

countenance of the other; nevertheless, a fierce  
look which he met my hasty glance, plain-  
ly told me he would, if roused, be to the full as  
dangerous an adversary. I instantly concluded  
that they were father and son.

"Where is my patient, Mr. Tegan?" said I.  
"The young woman is in another room, sir,"  
answered he; "but she is much better now."

"I think," said the son, with a scowl, "it's  
hardly necessary for the gentleman to see her."

"What now, James, can't ye?" said his fat-  
her, and, turning to me, continued:  
"She was very bad all the morning with fits;  
but she has been much quieter the last two  
hours."

"But," said I, "having come such a distance,  
surely I had better see her."

"Very well, sir," said the elder Tegan, "as  
you wish it, I will go and ask if she is asleep."  
And, after addressing some words in Irish to  
his son, he left the room.

The young man, with some show of sullen  
courtesy, invited me to take a seat; and remark-  
ing that I must have had a cold ride, took a  
bottle together with some tumbler from a  
closet, and offered me some whiskey. I thanked  
him, but saying that I seldom drank spirits, de-  
clined his offer.

"Perhaps," said he, "I can get you something  
more to your taste." Whereupon, he left the  
room; but returning in a few minutes, placed  
before me a common jug filled with the most ex-  
cellent claret. Being naturally somewhat as-  
tonished, I observed that I could hardly have  
expected such a treat up in these mountains.  
"We are nearer France here than you'd think,"  
answered he with a laugh.

Knowing that smuggling was rife amongst  
these hills, I began to feel pretty certain that I  
was in the abode of one of the followers of  
that lawless pursuit, whilst the propriety ap-  
parent in my host's affairs was doubtless attrib-  
utable to a corresponding default in his Ma-  
jesty's revenue; however, thinking it more pru-  
dent to keep all such surmises to myself, I  
drank my claret in silence, and waited im-  
patiently for the old man's return.

After the interval of about a quarter of an hour  
he entered the apartment saying, "Now, sir, if  
you will come with me, I will show you to the  
young woman's room."

The young Tegan, who for the last ten min-  
utes had been silently brooding over the fire, oc-  
cupied apparently with not very pleasurable  
thoughts, started up, saying something hastily  
in Irish, which I fancied not only related to my-  
self, but expressed some species of threat. The  
other answered him in the same language, and  
motioning me to follow, left the room.

Crossing the passage, we entered, on the op-  
posite side, the room corresponding to the one  
we had left, and differing from it merely in so  
far as that one portion of this second apartment  
was occupied by a couch, round which coarse  
blue curtains were closely folded. Upon with-  
drawing one of the latter—a movement which  
Tegan seemed half inclined to prevent, I be-  
lieved, reclining, fully dressed, upon the bed, and  
in an attitude of great exhaustion, a young girl,  
seemingly of about nineteen or twenty years of  
age. Her face, though deadly pale, and bearing  
an expression of extreme sorrow, yet gave  
evidence of no inconsiderable amount of person-  
al attraction; it was a countenance more pret-  
ty than beautiful, more pleasing than handsome,  
and standing out from the sombre setting of the  
masses of dark hair that fell on the not over  
clean pillow around it, the head looked like  
some portrait by one of the old masters, so soft  
was it in its shading, so delicately feminine in its  
contour. She was clad in a common peasant's  
dress, which at the first glance was never made  
for her; indeed it was a world too wide for the  
slender form whose beauties its coarse fabric hid.

When I first drew back the curtain, her eyes  
were closed as if in sleep; but on my proceed-  
ing to take the hand, which lay extended on  
the coverlet beside her, she slowly opened them  
—fixing on me a look of such doubt, terror and  
entreaty, that I absolutely started with surprise.  
Upon taking her hand, a suspicion I had begun  
to entertain, namely, that she was of rank far  
above that of the two Tegan's, was confirmed;  
for I saw directly that the small white hand I  
held in mine was one whose fineness had never  
been hardened by either labor or exposure;—  
whilst a certain habitual elegance, stamped  
upon every feature and limb, an elegance that  
her coarse clothing entirely failed to conceal, at  
once convinced me that she was a person of no  
inferior station. From the first moment that  
her eyes met mine, I felt certain that she looked  
to me for assistance of some sort; but in what  
that help was to consist, I was as yet completely  
ignorant; nevertheless, be it what it might, I  
mentally vowed to answer that mute appeal to  
the utmost of my power. Her pulse was very  
feeble; and wishing to hear her sensations from  
her own mouth, I asked her how she felt. Her  
lips moved as if to answer, but timidly glancing  
at the old man who stood behind me she check-  
ed the words she was about to utter, and re-  
mained silent. Turning sharply round, I be-  
held the same menacing scowl on the face of  
the father that I had before remarked as seem-  
ingly the natural expression of his son. He  
had evidently signed to her to be silent.

I was now certain that there was something  
wrong, and strongly suspecting that my inter-  
esting patient was little better than a prisoner,  
I sat my intention to work to discover some clue  
by which to direct my future operations. Sud-  
denly the thought flashed across my mind that  
the lady lying before me might be that Miss

Prideaux whose late abduction had caused so  
much excitement in the country. I controlled  
my emotion, for I well knew that were my sus-  
picions correct, to show them that were death;  
for even powerful as I was, and trained as I had  
been to the deadly warfare of the wild forests  
of the West, yet, alone and unarmed, I saw  
that I was helpless here. Thus with as much  
indifference as I could assume, I said, "I don't  
think that speaking a little will do her any  
harm, Mr. Tegan; and unless she tells me her-  
self what her sensations are, I cannot prescribe  
for her with any hope of success."

The old man muttered in a low tone some-  
thing about wishing he had never sent for me;  
but pretending not to hear his uncivil speech,  
and mark his dissatisfaction, I turned one more  
towards the bed, and again asking the poor girl  
how she felt, desired her to answer me without  
fear.

The tone of her voice and the manner of her  
answer at once removed all doubt as to the con-  
dition of her life. She said she believed that  
she had been for some time delirious, but that  
now she felt very weak and miserable; the look  
with which she spoke of her unhappiness, be-  
ing, I understood, intended to assure me that  
it was attributable to some other cause besides  
illness. I longed to ask her how she came  
there, but felt that, under the present circum-  
stances, the question could not be asked, so I  
resolved to give her some harmless medicine,  
and pretending that it would be dangerous to  
leave her, remain, at all events, under the same  
roof, on the watch for anything that might oc-  
cur. Turning, therefore, to Tegan, I said, "I  
must stay here some hours—the young woman  
is very ill; and as it is extremely probable that  
her convulsions may return, I must remain to  
see if the medicine I am about to give her takes  
any effect."

The old man heard this communication with  
undisguised displeasure, evidently by no means  
approving of my presence; he said there was a  
woman in the house who could receive my in-  
structions regarding anything that might be  
required, and that he would not trouble me to  
stay in such a wild place any longer; moreover,  
they had no bed to give me.

"Can it sit up very well," I replied; "for if the  
convulsions return, it is likely that they will do  
so with redoubled violence; and unless I am at  
hand to administer the proper remedies, I will  
not answer for her life."

After some further endeavors to induce me to  
alter my intentions, he sullenly acquiesced, and  
calling an elderly woman of rather more prepos-  
sessing exterior than any one I had before seen  
about the place, he intimated that she would  
receive whatever directions I might choose to  
give. Having administered the medicine, I de-  
sired the nurse to let the patient sleep if she  
felt inclined, but to call me without fail should  
any thing occur, and then pressing the poor girl's  
hand, to assure her of my sympathy, I followed  
my conductor into the opposite apartment.

The younger Tegan was sitting in much the  
same position as before; but rousing himself on  
our entrance, he instantly commenced an ani-  
mated colloquy in Irish with his father, who I  
imagined related to him all that passed in the  
other room; an account which manifestly gave  
considerable dissatisfaction to the listener. Fil-  
ling out a tumbler from the jug of claret which  
yet stood upon the table, I endeavored to enter  
into conversation with my host, but in vain, for  
though I spoke of all topics likely to interest  
people of their class, I could extract nothing  
from either of them but monosyllabic answers;  
so after a time I ceased my endeavors, and we  
all three relapsed into moody silence.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## Yankee Ingenuity.

Willie, of the Home Gazette, tells the follow-  
ing—

And (talking of workingmen) I was amused  
a few days since with a contrast as to treatment  
of obstacles, between two working for the same  
wages, worth describing, because it illustrates  
with some truth the difference between the com-  
mon American mind and the common European.  
We were preparing to throw our bridge across  
Ildwell brook. A quiet little, narrow should-  
ered American, with my horse hitched to a  
drag, was drawing stone for the roadway be-  
yond, and a broad shouldered fellow from the  
old country was digging earth to fill in. As I  
stood looking on for a moment, I saw a thrifty  
little creak which had been partly uprooted,  
and requesting the digger to set it upright and  
shovel some dirt around it, I walked on. Re-  
turning a few minutes after, I saw my cedar  
erect enough, but its roots still exposed.

"Why didn't you cover it with dirt?" I asked.

"Sure, sir," said sturdy Great Britain, with a  
look of most earnest regret that he had not been  
able to oblige me, "you told me shovel it, and I  
had no shovel."

He was working with a spade!  
It was not ten minutes after this I saw my  
Yankee dollar-a-day unhitching the horse from  
the drag.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.  
"Why, there is no more stone to be got out  
on this side," he said; "and that carpenter don't  
seem to be coming along to fix this bridge. I  
thought I would step over and get what his-  
name's oxen, and snake them timber up, and  
then haul them across with a block and tackle,  
and put on the planks. I could draw stone from  
the other side then."

Here was a quiet proposal to do what I look-  
ed forward to as quite a problem even for a pro-

fessed mechanic. I had bespoken a carpenter  
for the job three weeks before. There stood  
the two abutments, six feet high, and twenty-  
five apart, a stream swollen by a freshet, and  
hardly fordable on horseback, rushing between;  
and how these four immovable timbers, thirty  
feet long, were to be got across without machin-  
ery and scaffolding to span this chasm of twenty  
five feet, I was not engineer enough to see.  
It was among the "cloues" that a man with com-  
mon gumption could do easy enough; however,  
as my little friend said, and it was done the  
next morning with block and tackle rollers and  
levers—he going about it as a naturally and  
handily as he had been a bridge builder by  
profession. There being no higher price for day  
labor with his amount of "gumption," and day  
labor such as the other man's who could not  
conceive how a spade might be used for a shovel,  
shows how common a thing ingenuity is in  
our country, and how characteristic of a Yankee  
it is to know no obstacle. It was worth re-  
cording I thought.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

## THE THREE WIVES.

BY F. H. COOKE.

Mr. Jedutham Spike was an eccentric bache-  
lor of fifty. His mother died in giving him  
birth, and it would seem that his mother-heart  
died with her, for from that hour the hapless  
Jedutham seemed to have no perception of fami-  
liar excellence, and diverted himself with ridi-  
culing the follies of the sex, whose true char-  
acter was to him a deep enigma. As a babe  
he was fed and tended by an invalid brother,  
many years his senior; and he afterwards grew  
in stature, and a hard, ungenial kind of wisdom,  
without much matronizing from anybody. As  
years and possessions increased, he boarded at  
a fashionable hotel, where the cook and attend-  
ants were of his own sex, and ignored the ad-  
dress of his landlady. His predilections  
against matrimony were confirmed and strength-  
ened by the fate of the brother alluded to, who  
married somewhat late in life, and, after an un-  
happy connection of seven years' duration, left  
his widow, a permanent inmate of an insane  
asylum, and his three boys to the guardianship  
of their uncle. The recipient of this unexpect-  
ed legacy, who had till then loved nothing in  
the whole of his miserable life, felt a strange  
pleasure in the duties of this new and unsolici-  
ted relation. The docility with which the lit-  
tle fellows accommodated themselves to the od-  
dities of the eccentric humorist, their unques-  
tioning faith in his most startling dogmas, and  
their artless exhibitions of personal attachment,  
won upon his isolated nature to a degree that  
surprised himself. It seemed that these hapless  
children were destined unconsciously to fulfil  
the lonely old man that feminine mission



Yet, as he spoke a cheerful step was heard without, and the tardy brother entered the room, breathing quickly, and with a smiling apology for his delay. The two first arrived exchanged meaning glances, but the merriest smile cut short their merriment, by saying gravely:

"Henry, my boy, you are the oldest. It is just that you should lead upon this occasion. Tell us frankly, how do you enjoy married life? The young man paused for a moment, then, with a comical grimace that but ill-concealed his reluctance, he replied:

"It is a bitter dose to swallow, I confess. Uncle, you are forgiven."

There was a slight movement of surprise, for Mrs. Henry spoke as recognized as decidedly notable.

"I thought," said the uncle, drily, "that yours was a pattern wife."

"Only too much so," returned the nephew. "It is my belief that she was modelled upon the most approved patterns and made up to order."

It ever there was a machine for performing mechanical every-day duties, and Mrs. Henry spoke. She never loses her temper; indeed, I doubt if she has any to lose. She never betrays any flutter of vanity or wounded feeling. To the calmness of a statue she adds an instinctive perception of decorum, a rigid adherence to rectitude, which leaves nothing to hope or fear, and very little to envy. Nothing can disturb her. When our infant was dangerously ill, she moved about his cradle with the same unperturbed composure, and dropped his last cordial, as we thought, into the cup with an untroubled hand.

"I hardly see how you came to marry her," remarked Edward, *par parenthese*.

"She was pretty, and I mistook her natural reserve for bluntness, and her silence for delicate reserve. I was much moved when she once left me in tears; I never knew in her department anything to forgive, and I am tired of raising where correctness seems inevitable. Besides, she don't care for praise. She was wound up at birth, and her heart pulsates with the regularity of a pendulum. If I should hang myself some morning of rain, I know she would arrange everything for a respectable burial."

My condition is desperate. In passing through New York last winter, I religiously avoided seeing Lola Montez, for I knew I should be smitten at a glance. The slightest touch of human frailty seems so absolutely repulsive. Speak brother, be added, after a brief pause, "and in mercy point out some defect in Mrs. Charley Spiko."

"Mrs. Charley Spiko," responded the person addressed, "is not absolutely stupid, nor entirely indifferent to matters of feeling. She gives some variety to life in point of conversation. It suits me to hope to please, as well as to offend. But like your Rectina, she has, alas! one paramount idea. 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and it is not the least that of my immaculate Vesta. Especially does she insist upon the most spotless neatness, and the expense of all other considerations. I discovered soon after my marriage that the world was a little too good to live in. The parlors were shut up to exclude the flies; the chambers, to avoid the dust. The dining room furniture was robed in Holland covers, and ugly mugs deformed every square yard of carpeting. Candles were banished because they littered their cage, and my pet spaniel dismissed for neglecting to wipe his feet. Then pickles spoil the cutlery, and eggs corrode the silver; coffee is liable to stain the linen, and even butter, if incautiously used may be the parent of a grease spot. Cigars I have long since abandoned, because their smoke is an abomination. If I sit, it is, 'Mr. Spiko, you are rocking upon the rug.' If I walk, it is, 'Pray leave your boots at the door, Mr. Spiko, and let me bring your slippers.' I sometimes think I will remove to an hotel, and send home my compliments daily in a perfumed note. I shall expect soon to see the whole establishment modelled in wax, and reposing under glass, like a collection of fanciful wonders. Come, Edward, your wife is no paragon, luckily. Confess your misery, and don't delude us long."

"Mine is not a pattern wife, certainly," said the response of the younger brother. "She is not distinguished for order, nor faultless in neatness, nor unerring in discretion. She is very far from being a piece of clock-work, and there is a great uncertainty, sometimes delightful, sometimes painful, sometimes painful, as to what she will attempt, and whether the result will be success or failure. There is room for doubt as to particulars; none at all as to the general tendency of her conduct. She is as true-hearted a woman as lives, and that which she delights in must be happy. You may smile if you choose, but I don't at all frankly assure you that I am happy. I know not what Rectina is doing at this moment, but I feel sure that, in aims and efforts, she is true to herself to me, and to her Maker. I am sure that she loves me more than all the world beside, but not so much as she loves truth and duty and self-respect. Her errors are all mistakes. They are the redundancy of a loving, generous, richly-gifted nature. She is no model housewife, but she has made great improvement, and she has the strongest incentive to improvement, a sincere and unselfish love for me. It is true that I was delayed to-day by waiting for a few last stitches from her practised needle, not however upon my clothing as I see you imagine, but upon a pair of slippers she has just wrought for uncle Jeduthun. Let me see them tried, my dear Sir. I have an idea they will fit you."

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## THE LOVE OF NATURE.

Of all the refined aspirations, or warm affections that exert their influence over the human heart, the last to be subdued by time—the last to be frozen by the cold touch of age, is a genuine love of Nature; that soul-absorbing adoration of her beautiful creations which attracts us to the very verge of existence as if it would lead a ray of light through the opening portals of the grave to guide our steps to the fountain head from whence all of Nature's loveliness and perfection has flowed. Other ties between the heart and the world unloose their hold as age and death approach, and well it is they do; for who could die with the instincts of life strong within them? Who could lift up their hearts and pant for a brighter world while love yet made a heaven of this? In mercy to our feeble nature such trials are seldom allotted us: earthly affections wane and fade from the heart as the hour of separation draws near. Friendships and loves imperceptibly decay, all that yet clings about our heart is that one love which we brought with us into life, which we retain undiminished even to death—the love of Nature.

Who cannot remember dim eyes that turned wistfully to the open space, to look upon the bright sun and the waving trees once more? Feeble steps that have striven hard to tread the green turf once again? Or faint gentle tones that asked as a last request for flowers, sweet, holy flowers! earth's silent angels. Who has ever watched a drooping form tottering among the tombs to choose a final resting place—and is not the little nook where the sun shines warmest, and the spring leaves first appear, the chosen spot?

This love of nature is a holy and elevated feeling, akin to our adoration of God: for what are nature's beauties but emanations of His perfection? what are her riches but outpourings of His bounty? Let us not then in our search after material good choke and starve this desire of our spirits. Let us not sneer at the man or woman who steals away from the engrossing cares of every day life to pass a few hours among the haunts of nature. What, if a kilt may burn a bushel less line, or the busy number rests for a day? Ah! call not her an idler who pauses in a country walk to admire the wing of a butterfly or the tint of a flower. There are thousands of lovely things around us, to which many of us are blind, deaf and insensible. Then scorn not him as a dreamer, who loves to look down from the mountain-top or the varied creation of land and water; or he who lingers in the forest where the wind is sighing among the leaves, stirring them to that sweet, low whispering that seems like the vesper hymn of the trees.

Why shall we not be true to ourselves, to our nature, cultivating all our capabilities of enjoyment, and cherishing in our hearts a love of God's work rather than an idolatry of our own. Let us not urge that we have no time for a ramble in the woods, or an hour by the sea-shore, or an evening on the mountain. Let us not flatter ourselves that when riches are accumulated we can then enjoy these things; for when life has been wholly devoted to the worship of that "selfish idol, men designate the 'Practical,' we shall have few aspirations beyond the vulgar ostentations of wealth. Our brows will be wrinkled over as it all our mortgage deeds and contracts were written there, and how can they glow and flush beneath the kisses of the mountain air? Our hearts will be but as withered "pinks" shrivelled, tough and lifeless; and can their stagnant pulses know one throb of warm enthusiastic delight?

While we yet have the power let us enjoy, let us appreciate the countless beauties that Nature spreads around us; here in our immediate neighborhood, on the very margin of our merry little town, behold how lovely she is; let us go forth then and adore her, for the smoke of our kilns is not the only incense we should offer at her shrine.

M. F.

For the Rockland Gazette.

## CAMP MEETINGS.

Christians must say for themselves when, and where and how they will worship God; provided that in so doing they do not invade the rights of others. And they are not only tolerated, but protected in such rights.

It is not my object to defend the propriety of Camp-Meetings—it is enough now to say that the largest and strongest Protestant Church in America sustains them. I wish more particularly to make a few suggestions for the benefit of those who may think of attending them.

The first and most important fact to be remembered is, that a Camp-Meeting is a strictly religious meeting. The chief object of its friends is religious worship—it is an occasion of sober and earnest thought—of humble and solemn prayer—of humiliation before God—of devout thanksgiving and praise to our Heavenly Father for his rich and unmerited mercy. Whoever, then, goes to a Camp-Meeting, should go in view of its religious character, and make their arrangements accordingly. This explains the reason why all trade is strictly prohibited—it is not a place of trade but of worship. We do peddlers and traffickers no injustice when we say: you must not follow us to our leafy temple to sell your wares—we are on our own ground—we are here not for your accommodation, but to seek the God of our fathers. Let us alone gentlemen, and you will save yourselves trouble and shame. If you please, come and worship with us, come in welcome, otherwise stay at home.

Hence the inconsistency, too, of making the Camp-Meeting an occasion of pleasure and recreation. Some seem to think that they are at perfect liberty to throw themselves upon the hospitality of their Methodist friends at a Camp-Meeting, when they would pass them by with proud contempt in their own town. We are glad to see our friends and extend to them the hospitality of our houses, but we do not go to the Camp-Meeting to be visited by pleasure parties at the expense of our sacred meetings in our tents. These we must maintain; and if our pleasure seeking friends make no previous arrangements corresponding to the occasion, and find themselves inconveniently provided for, they must blame themselves, and not charge their misfortune to the friends of the meeting.

Do not misunderstand me—I am not saying that all persons who do not profess religion should stay away from the place. No. Come, friends, all who will; but come in such a manner as shall impose no unnecessary burden upon

your friends and neighbors. Provide for your board and lodging before you start from home—then come to attend the meeting, not to roam about the country in pursuit of fun and sport. Let all see to it that they bear their full proportion of the expense, labor and care of the meeting, then they will feel at home when there, and be quite likely to share fully in the results of their mutual efforts.

Atto. 19. H. C. TILTON.

## ROCKLAND GAZETTE.

W. G. FRYE, Editor.

Friday Morning, August 26, 1853.

## NEW STEAMER "ROCKLAND."

Another enterprise, in which Rockland has been an interested participant, has been completed. Though not greater or so great as many which are effected among us in other departments of business every season, it is yet one of no insignificant importance to much of the travelling public, especially to Rockland and many of the towns east of her. The new steamer designed to ply between this port and Machias has been built, put upon the line, and is already on her regular route to the East. She reached our wharf from Portland on Sunday night last; on Tuesday she took a goodly number of our people to Belfast on an excursion, returning the same day. On Wednesday she commenced her first regular trip east, with forty passengers, mostly from Rockland. She will touch regularly at North Haven, Deer Isle, Mt. Desert, Millis, Jonesport, and Machiasport—going east every Wednesday and Saturday, and returning by the same route every Thursday and Monday. Capt. E. S. BLAISDELL is her commander, a gentleman every way qualified for the station, who has long been acquainted with the waters he is to navigate, and in whom our citizens and all who know him place the utmost confidence. He has taken much interest in the enterprise, and every one wishes him the success that he deserves, now that he has entered fully upon his duties.

The boat was built by Isaac C. Smith & Son, at Hobeoken, and it is said in the most excellent style, both as to model and strength. Her engines are from the well known works of Joseph C. Coffee of New York. We are unable to give present particulars. She is of 195 tons register, and is very conveniently arranged, having a neat and comfortable cabin, a very pleasant and well furnished saloon, and the other usual accommodations of a boat of her size. F. P. LOVELL of this place has been engaged as her clerk, a gentleman who will, no doubt, give universal satisfaction. He will also conduct an Express between the different places on the route. At a meeting of the Stockholders, on Monday afternoon, Capt. A. C. SPALDING was appointed General Agent for the boat.

We see no reason why this boat will not do a smart business in the way of taking passengers and freight to and fro. The readiness with which the stock was subscribed for by men at Machias and the other intermediate places, as well as at this place, indicates at least that business men have confidence in the success of the thing. The merchants and others east of us certainly can congratulate themselves on the improved facilities which are now afforded for travelling; this way, and to Portland and Boston. We trust that they and Rockland will be mutually benefited by the enterprise.

The "Rockland," it seems, will be here the whole of every Tuesday and Friday, and if our citizens enjoy excursions as well as we think they do, they will not fail to secure occasional one in her. We hear that two are already contemplated, to come off in the course of a week.

What better idea for all hands to get up an excursion, or more than one to Machias, during this fine weather? It would to many be a new and to all a pleasant trip. Would our friends east like to see us? We would just hint to them that our "burnt district" is not entirely covered with new buildings yet, and that they might find an excursion this way tolerably pleasant.

TEMPERANCE.

J. G. DAY, one of our constables, and keeper of the lock-up, has furnished us with some statistics in relation to liquor seizures and commitments to the lock-up during the last three or four months, from which we gather the following particulars: During the last ten days of April, six persons were committed to the lock-up for intoxication or run-selling; during the month of May, eleven; in the month of June, sixteen; from the first of July to the present date, eight. The aforesaid officer commenced making seizures July 1st, from which time to the present he has seized 25 barrels of liquor—spilled 15 of the same—given up to agents of towns about six, leaving the balance on hand.

From these facts it appears that the commitments from the time that seizures were commenced to the present has been eight; while the number committed from the 20th of April to the first of July, during which time we are informed there were no seizures, was thirty-three—showing that the number committed in the time that seizures were made in proportion to the number when there were none, was in the relation of about one to three or that about sixty per cent. less of drunkenness has existed since the above named officer commenced seizures—which duties he has so faithfully and personally attended to—than in a corresponding number of weeks before he commenced.

Is the Maine Law good? Can not some inferences be drawn from the above facts?

The commencement exercises at Bowdoin College will take place on Wednesday, Sept. 7. On Tuesday preceding Hon. B. Story of Cincinnati will pronounce an Oration, and Henry J. Gardner, Esq., of Boston, a Poem before the College Societies. On Wednesday will be had the exercises of the Graduating Class. Bishop Burgess is expected to deliver the Historical Society in the afternoon. On Thursday, an Oration by Prof. H. B. Smith of Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., and a Poem by James T. Fields, Esq., of Boston, will be delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. Doddworth's celebrated Cornet Band of New York has been engaged for the occasion, which will doubtless be one of the most interesting that has ever occurred at "old Bowdoin."

The communication of "Veritas," and the "Farewell to Rockland," by "M. F." are necessarily deferred till next week.

## DEATH OF HON. JOHN ANDERSON.

We notice in the "Daily Argus" of the 23d inst. that Hon. John Anderson of Portland, died on Sunday last, aged 51 years. "The announcement," says the "Argus," "is received by our citizens with universal sorrow. He has commanded, by his high abilities, his unwavering integrity, and his diffusive benevolence, the esteem of the whole people. Indeed we doubt if any one in the State has been so universally popular."

Mr. Anderson graduated at Bowdoin College in 1813. He afterwards studied the law which he made his profession, and in which he was distinguished. He held many public offices—first as State Senator, in 1824 Representative to Congress. In 1833 he was appointed District Attorney for Maine, which office he held till the Fall of 1836. He was then appointed Collector of the port of Portland which office he held for several years. He was Mayor of the City in '33, '34 and '42. The Argus also states that he was offered the Secretaryship of the Navy at one time, but declined the high honor.

We have been presented, through the politeness of Rev. Geo. SLATTERY, with the Journal of the thirty-fourth Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Maine, which was held at Portland on the 13th and 1







